In Recital

Flight of Fancy
A Junior Recital By:

Pamela Hauser, soprano

assisted by

Judy Lowrey, harpsichord and piano
Mathias Silveira, violin
Steve Williams, trumpet
Wendy Grönnestad, recorder

Saturday, April 2, 1994
at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta

A Dedication

Margaret Eloise Francis Hartie (1905-1994) was one of my best friends. She loved me with understanding and pride, and with an unconditional faith in my abilities and intentions. Through her example I learned that the secret of carrying an adult's burden is to greet the world with the heart of a child; looking for and finding beauty everywhere and in everyone, fearlessly sharing the very core of oneself, for not to would be selfish and wasteful, praising God because he has given us a heart to love, a mind to learn, a spirit to soar, and a foundation that will never falter. Mamie will always be with me, she will be with me when I see fairy faces in the bark of old trees, when I laugh because life is more amusing than people realize, and when I lift my voice to heaven, so that she might hear, and sing along. I love you, Mamie, this recital is for you.

Your loving Granddaughter,
Pamela

Program

Selections from **The Fairy Queen** (1692) — Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
- Libretto: E Settle
- Ye Gentle Spirits of the Air
- When I Have Often Heard Young Maids Complaining
- The Plaint
- Hark! The Echoing Air a Triumph Sings

An die Freude (1767) — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
An Chlöe (1787)
Un moto di gioja (1789)
Die Zufriedenheit (1785)

The Dewfairy Aria from **Hansel und Gretel** (1893) — Englebert Humperdinck (1854-1921)
- Libretto: A Wette

Intermission

Early One Morning — Arr. Healey Willan
Avenging and Bright
The Little Red Lark
The Angels' Whisper
Barbara Allen
Loch Lomond

Titania's Aria from **A Midsummer Night's Dream** (1960) — Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
- Libretto: Pears

Douce enfant, ta plainte légère from **Cendrillion** (1899) — Jules Massenet

(1842-1912)
Libretto: Cain

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Hauser.

Reception to follow in the Student Lounge, Arts Building.

Texts and Translations

Ye Gentle Spirits of the Air
Ye gentle spirits of the air, appear!
Prepare, and join your tender voices here.
Catch and repeat the trembling sounds anew,
Soft as her sighs and sweet as pearly dew.
Run new divisions, and such measures keep
As when you lull the God of Love asleep.

When I Have Often Heard Young Maids Complaining
When I have often heard
young maids complaining
That when men promise most they most
Then I thought none of them [deceive,
worthy my gaining,
And what they swore resolved ne'er to [believe.

But when so humbly he made his adresses
With looks so soft
and with language so kind,
I thought it sin to refuse his caresses;
Nature o'ercame and I soon changed
my mind.

Should he employ all his wit in deceiving.
Stretch his invention and artfully feign,
I find such charms,
such true joy in believing,
I'll have the pleasure, let him have the pain.

If he proves perjured, I shall not be cheated,
He may deceive himself but never me;
'Tis what I look for and shan't be defeated,
For I'll be as false and inconstant as he.

The Plaint
O let me ever, ever weep,
My eyes no more shall welcome sleep;
I'll hide me from the sight of day
And sigh and sigh my soul away.
He's gone, he's gone, his loss deplore
For I shall never see him more.

Hark! The Echoing Air a Triumph Sings
Hark! The echoing air a triumph sings,
And all around pleased Cupids clap their wings.

An Die Freude
Freude, Königin der Weisen,
Die, mit Blumen um ihr Haupt,
Dich auf güld'ner Leier preisen,
Ruhig, wenn die Torheit schnaubt:
Höre mich von deinem Throne,
Kind der Weisheit, deren Hand
Immer selbst in deine Krone
Ihre schönsten Rosen band.

Göttin, o so sei, ich flehe,
Deinem Dichter immer hold,
Daß er schimmernd' Glück verschmähe,
Reich in sich, auch ohne Gold;
Daß sein Leben zwar verborgen,
Aber ohne Sklaverei.
Ohne Flecken, ohne Sorgen
Weisen Freunden teuer sei!

Johann Peter Uz

An Chloe
Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, off'nen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust, hinein zu schauen,
Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küsse
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich schließe

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzen Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt:

Den berauschten Blick umschattet
Eine düst're Wolke mir;
Und ich sitze dann ermatet
Aber selig neben dir.

Johann Jacobi

Un Moto Di Gioja
Un moto di gioja
Mi sento nel petto,
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor.

Speriam che in contento
Finisca l'affanno,
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.

Un moto di gioja, ecc.

Lorenzo da Ponte(?)

To Joy
Joy, queen of wise men
who, flower-crowned,
praise you on golden lyres,
gently, while folly snorts and snuffles:
hear me from your throne,
child of wisdom, whose own hand
has always in your crown
entwined the fairest roses.

Goddess, I beg you, be
ever gracious to your poet,
that he may scorn the glitter of gold,
rich in himself without it,
that his life, obscure
but without slavery,
without blemish, without care,
may be dear to his wise friends.

To Chloe
When love looks out
of your clear, blue open eyes,
and the joy of gazing into them
makes my heart dance, and glow;

and I hold you, and kiss
your warm, rose-red cheek,
dear maid, and fold you,
trembling, in my arms,

maiden, maiden, and press you
close to my breast
where until my last dying moment
I would gladly hold you;

then my enraptured gaze is o'ershaded
by a dark cloud;
and then I sit exhausted
but happy beside you.

A Surge of Joy
I can feel in my breast
a surge of joy,
a foretaste of delight
in the midst of care.

Let us hope that our distress
will turn to content;
not always tyrannous
are fate and love.

I can feel, etc.

Die Zufriedenheit

Wie sanft, wie ruhig fühl' ich hier
Des Lebens Freuden ohne Sorgen,
Und sonder Ahnung leuchtet mir
Willkommen jeder Morgen.

Mein frohes, mein zufried'nes Herz
Tanzt nach der Melodie der Haine,
Und angenehm ist selbst mein Schmerz,
Wenn ich vor Liebe weine.

Wie sehr lach'ich die Großen aus,
Die Blutvergießer, Helden, Prinzen!
Denn mich beglückt ein kleines Haus,
Sie nicht einmal Provinzen.

Wie wüten sie nicht wider sich,
Die göttergleichen Herr'n der Erden:
Doch brauchen sie mehr Raum als ich,
Wenn sie begraben werden?

Christian Felix Weiße

Contentment

How gentle and how peaceful here
is my life, joyful and free from care,
and with no misgivings
I welcome each bright new dawn.

My happy and contented heart
dances to the music of the groves,
even my pain is pleasant
when I weep for love.

How I laugh to scorn the great ones,
shedders of blood, heroes, princes!
For I am content with only a little house,
they not even with provinces.

How they rage among themselves,
these godlike masters of the earth:
but will they need more room than I
when they come to be buried?

The Dewfairy Aria

Der kleine Taumann heiss' ich,
und mit der Sonne reis' ich,
von Ost bis Westen weiss ich
wer faul ist und wer fleissig --
kling, klang, kling, klang!
Ich komm mit gold'nem Sonnenschein
und strahl in eure Augelein,
und weck mit kühlem Taue,
was schläft auf Flur und Aue.
Dann springet auf, wer munter
in früher Morgenstunde,
denn sie hat Gold im Munde.
Drum auf, ihr Schläfer, erwachet.
Der lichte Tag schon lachet!
Drum auf, ihr Schläfer, erwacht!

I'm called the little Dew Man,
and I rise with the sun,
from east to west I know
who's lazy and who's diligent --
ding, dong, ding, dong!
I come with the golden sunshine
and beam it into your eyes,
and with cool dew I awake
what's asleep on field and meadow.
Then up, for it is
the early bird
that gets the best.
Get up, you sleepers, awake.
The bright day is laughing!
Get up, you sleepers, awake!

Titania's Aria

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.
Hop in his walk and gambol in his eyes.
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
with purple grapes and green mulberries,
the honey bag steal from the humble bee,
and for night tapers crop their waxen thighs.
And light them with the fiery glowworms' eyes.
To have my love to bed and to arise.
Nod to him elves, and do him coutesies.

Fairy Godmother Aria

Douce enfant, ta plainte légère
Comme l'haleine d'une fleur,
Vient de monter jusqu'à mon coeur.
Ta marraine te voit et te protège...espère!...
Sylphes, lutins, follets, accourez à ma voix,
De tous les horizons, à travers les espaces...
Suivez exactement mes lois.
Apportez-moi tous vos talents, toutes vos grâces!
Je veux que cette enfant charmante, que voici,
Soit aujourd'hui hors de souci;
Je le veux
Et que par vous, splendidement parée,
Elle connaisse enfin le bonheur à son tour...
Je veux qu'aux fêtes de la cour
Elle soit la plus belle et la plus admirée.
O ma petite Cendrillon, ma fleur d'innocence et
d'amour,
Sun toi je veille!

Dearest child, I hear your plaint,
Like a flower's, sweet and faint;
Never dream, at heart I care not:
Thy godmother sees - despair not!
Come, fairies, sylphs and elves! My voice obey!
From ev'ry quarter, near or distant places -
And do precisely what I say:
Bring hither all your tricks and graces!
The charming maiden you see there,
For this whole day must know no care;
I will it.
And gorgeously by you attired-
That love and joy she may tast after all-
As belle she shall reign at the palace ball,
Of all the ladies the most admired.
Oh, Cinderella, sweet, innocent
flower,
I'll watch o'er you!

department of
Music